

## IS CAUGHT

Redwine Is in the Hands of the Law.

WIMBISH COVERS HIM WITH HIS REVOLVER.

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that he was not the only guilty person. He admits that he is short \$23,000, no more.

**Story of the Capture.**  
Redwine's capture was the result of his own carelessness. If he had practiced ordinary care and prudence he would probably now be at large.

He was found on the extreme southern limits of the city, a quarter of a mile beyond the point where the East Tennessee road crosses McDaniel street. The house in which he was hidden is a frame structure one story in height. It is situated on the crest of a hill, and stands endwise to the street. A long piazza runs the entire length of the house, and from it three doors open into different rooms. It is perched upon brick pillars.

The house is the abode of Marquis de Lafayette Oaks, a shoemaker, and his wife. Oaks is about fifty-five years of age, and repairs shoes in one room of the house. The income of the shoemaker is greatly strengthened by the proceeds of Mrs. Oaks's domestic industry. She takes boarders to the number of six or seven, and from this source realizes a neat sum. Her

boarders are nearly all railroad men, as the house is but three minutes' walk from the East Tennessee shops. South of the house is a wide forest of tall pines, and on every side are steep bluffs, and the whole face of nature is rough, except here and there a neat new cottage. The neighborhood is very quiet.

Thursday night Mrs. Oaks was awakened about 11 o'clock. A friend of her husband's, H. H. Black, was at the door, and told Mrs. Oaks that he had come to bring her two boarders. A few days before he had promised to bring her some boarders, and he now came to fulfill his promise. He had with him a young man muffled up in a big overcoat, and over his thin face a big slouch hat was drawn down. He introduced the little man as Mr. Lester.

Mr. Lester paid Mrs. Oaks a week's board in advance, \$4, and gave her \$1 extra for a night's lodging for Black. She gave the two men the middle room, which was furnished with one bed, and a folding lounge. Redwine slept on the lounge by the window; Black occupied the bed.

Lester awoke late yesterday morning but did not leave his room. Black was up and around the house considerable, but kept a close watch on his friend Lester.

She became suspicious.  
Lester asked that breakfast be brought in to him, and Mrs. Oaks's curiosity was aroused, and she was desirous of knowing all about the boarder who was grand enough to order meals to be carried to his room.

While Lester was eating his morning meal she remained in the room talking, and regarding him critically.

"There's something wrong about that young man," she told her husband, with a wise shake of the head, "he don't act right." She watched the room closely. She noticed that Lester had the blinds drawn down. She entered the room frequently on trivial pretexts. She found that her new boarder was drinking heavily. Once, while talking with him, he told her that he heard some one in the front room. He only wanted her to leave the room.

Lester called Mr. Oaks into the room and asked him to get a Constitution for him. He gave Oaks the money, and the shoemaker came into the city and bought a paper at The Constitution office, which Lester read eagerly.

The conviction became firmly fixed in Mrs. Oaks's mind that Lester was Redwine, and she watched him to make sure. She

had known his father in her youth, and lived near him, and he had been her family physician. She noted a strong resemblance between Lester and her early physician.

Mrs. Oaks announced her conviction of Lester's identity to her husband, and he started to the city to inform Detective Redford of it. While he was gone Mrs. Oaks became nervous, and decided to "rush matters through." She hurried

to the home of Patrolman Wimbish, 48 Terrell street, a block and a half away.

**The Arrest Made.**  
She found Wimbish spading in his garden and told him that she could carry him to Lester Redwine. The officer was incredulous at first, but finally became interested as he noted the earnestness of the woman. He sent her back to see if the coast was clear. He instructed her to make a given signal if things were all right.

He waited on the outside. With him was his thirteen-year-old nephew, Israel Brown. The officer was excited, knowing that he was about to face a desperate man. He had but a few minutes to wait. Mrs. Oaks appeared on the porch and waved to him to come on. With heart beating fast he walked up to the side of the door, and climbed the steep steps.

The woman pointed to the middle door. "In there," said she, in a whisper. Not another word was spoken. Wimbish held his revolver in his hand behind him. He pushed the door open.

A young man with dishevelled hair and wild eyes, haggard face and wretched appearance generally, stood up as he entered. The man trembled. He was shaking like an aspen. His lips moved inarticulately.

He bowed to the other gentlemen in the room, glanced quickly at their faces, and then, as quickly as lightning, he looked around the office. He fixed his eyes upon the long row of guns in one of the offices, and seating himself sat looking at them as if they possessed some sort of fascination for him.

The crowd began to press into the office, but Chief Connolly quickly checked it, and had an officer placed at the door, another was placed at the stairway and still another was placed in front of the building to keep back the surging crowd.

A strange sort of embarrassment seemed to possess the gentlemen in Chief Connolly's office. There was deep silence while Chief Connolly had Redwine to stand up and submit to being searched.

While the officer was going through his pockets the young man stood mechanically, as if he were resigned to submit to anything. In his right vest pocket a roll of greenbacks was found. It contained \$413. A small pocket knife was about the only other article found in his possession.

After being searched Redwine took his seat slightly to the right of the gentlemen and waited for what was to follow.

"Lester," said Mr. Hill, "what did you do with the money you took from the bank?"

Without looking up, and while toying nervously with his watch chain, Redwine replied: "That is all the money I have, and Mr. Hill, it is mine. I took no money away from me."

"The money is gone," said Mr. Hill. "What did you do with it?"

Redwine denied taking it. Then a long conversation began between him and Mr. Hill, during which he admitted knowing about a certain amount of the shortage.

He was as pathetic in his wretchedness and misery. For answer Wimbish caught the man by the arm and jerked him around.

"Come back with me," he said.

The patrol wagon had not arrived when the officer got back to the store with his prisoner. The back of the wagon was empty. The detective force, was there with a back. He ordered that the prisoner be put in the back which was done, and they started to police headquarters.

It was a long drive, and it was an hour after he was first placed under arrest that young Redwine reached police headquarters in custody of the officers. The news of his arrest had preceded his arrival, and he was given a big reception.

Before arriving he begged to be taken to jail to escape the crowd. Captain Wright turned the back of the wagon over to Chief Connolly, asking if this could be done. The chief answered with an emphatic negative.

Chief Connolly met the back two blocks from the police station and rode on it to the door of the city prison.

A big crowd was in front and several officers were required to keep the way clear for the prisoner and officers to pass. Redwine stepped out of the back after Chief Connolly and Captain Wright. He did not look at the crowd around him. His eyes were bent upon the ground. He walked with nervous tread across the sidewalk and into the front entrance of the station.

Between the two officers he ascended the stairs. He did not speak. He moved along with shuffling tread, his face still downcast. Inside Chief Connolly's office were President J. J. Hill, Vice President A. W. Hill and Mr. J. J. Spaulding, who had been retained to represent the depositors. Redwine walked in among these gentlemen, whom he knew well, in a manner that plainly showed his shame. His air was dogged. There was something of defiance even in his bearing.

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## MACKAY SHOT.

The Multi-Millionaire Narrowly Escapes Death.

THE VICTIM OF A CRANK.

A Man He Did Not Know Shoots Him Down.

AND THEN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

The Assailant Proves to Be a Nihilistic Crank.

DID NOT BELIEVE IN MILLIONAIRES.

And Thought It His Duty to Put This One Out of the Way. The Shot Is Finally Identified.

San Francisco, February 24.—John W. Mackay, the many times millionaire, mining man and financial backer of the Postal Telegraph and Commercial Cable Company, was shot in the back today and badly wounded. The assailant then shot himself in the breast and is reported dying in the hospital.

Mr. Mackay's wound is not thought to be dangerous. The assassin's name is variously stated as Hatfield, Lynch and Dunn. The latest version is Dunn. All accounts agree that he is old, close on to seventy years.

Mr. Mackay took his new situation with characteristic coolness. He quietly announced to the crowd that assembled at the "round of the shooting" that he was shot and awaited the coming of a doctor.

Mr. Mackay knows no one like him. The assassin, who was attempting to kill Mackay, was W. C. Rippey. He was undoubtedly insane. He had in his pocket a letter addressed to Mackay, in which the writer stated that he was seventy-three years of age. It was signed "W. C. Rippey." There was also upon him an envelope bearing the name of Dr. L. L. Lincoln. On the back of the envelope were the words: "The end is not yet." Upon a sheet of paper under the heading "Food for Reflection" were the words: "Paid \$150,000 for one saprophyte, to place on the forehead of his wife a sufficient amount to have saved at least five hundred of his victims from suicidal graves. Just think of it. Inscribe it upon his tomb."

John W. Mackay made a great fortune in western mines. His wealth is estimated at thirty million or more. He left the west several years ago and located in New York. He is one of the leading capitalists of the country and his investments are everywhere. He is a large owner in the Mackay-Bennett Cable and the Postal Telegraph Companies.























The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder  
Used in Millions of Homes—

er.—No Ammonia; No Alum.  
40 Years the Standard.

The Terminal company, called to order by Secretary Crump, at the Exchange hotel today, adjourned till March 10th. No other business transacted.

282 Whiteh

all Street, Up Stairs







## THE FINANCES

The State Agricultural Society Were

Discussed

The Meeting in Augusta

Verbatim Report of the Discussion

at That Time.

GENERAL NEWS OF THE DAY IN MACON

Letter from Mr. Hanson to Colonel

Grand Jury Presentments.

Gossip of the Day.

Macon, Ga., February 24. (Special.)

The late convention of the State Agricultural Society, held in Augusta on the

16th and 17th inst., was a most successful

one, and the report of the executive com-

mittee was a most interesting one. The

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## WITHIN THREE DAYS

There May Be Another Sensation in

Railway Circles.

CENTRAL ENGINEERS MAY QUIT WORK.

Many Rumors of Trouble to Come—An

Engineer Discharged—Other

Savannah News.

Savannah, Ga., February 24. (Special.)

Colonel John R. Fellows, of New York,

today accepted an invitation to speak at

a banquet of the Hibbard Society on St.

Patrick's day. Bourke Cochran is also

expected to respond to a toast.

Within three days there is a possibility

of the engineers on the Central railroad

system leaving work. Ill feeling has been

growing for weeks past. It began when

the Central officers refused to take a con-

tract with the engineers for this year, tak-

ing advantage of the ninety days' provision

of the previous contracts. It was in-

creased by an attempt to make a deal by

which the firemen were to take the places

of the engineers who were to be discharg-

ed. Some of the firemen publish a state-

ment to this effect over their signatures.

This intensified the feeling.

Since then there have been numerous

rumors that the railroad management in-

tended to refuse to contract and the clima-

re was finally reached where Engineer Arden

was discharged for refusing to pull a Sa-

vannah, Americus and Montgomery car

over the Central while the strike was in

progress on the former road. In this refusal

he claimed to be following one of the rules

of the brotherhood, and that his discharge,

coming after the conference of officials, is

regarded as a check to the brotherhood

and a clear and final notice that the

Central does not propose to recognize

it any further. The engineers have been

expecting that in March there would be

some trouble, as General Superintendent

Wadley has clearly indicated his inclination

not to recognize the order. The discharge

of Engineer Arden, though, precipitates

matters earlier than they expected. They

are satisfied, though, to have it so. If

## M. B. TORRETT &amp; CO. FIRE, ACCIDENT AND PLATE GLASS, LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF ENGLAND, 22 KIMBALL HOUSE, DECATUR STREET, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

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## The Hartford Life Insurance Co. Hartford Fire Insurance Co. OF HARTFORD.

Organized under the laws of the state of Connecticut, made to the governor of Georgia

principal office, 56 Prospect street, Hartford, Conn.

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